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"MARRIED OFF"





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THE GOIT FAMILY.

Frontispiece.

“Married Off”

A Satirical Poem,

BY

H B.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY

FLORENCE CLAXTON.

LONDON:

WARD AND LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.

1860.

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"MARRIED OFF."

I.

HANNIBAL Goit was married,
And so was his wife, tho' she tarried
She frequently said, with a shake of her head, •
A much longer time than a sensible daughter,
With portionless beauty—(a flimsy supporter)—
In this age of Brass, Bank-notes, Bricks and mortar,
And only her virtues to back it—had ought to !

So, the day,

(We've heard say)

When the Hannibal Goit (aforesaid), Esquire,
Jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire ;

(Or, to use an expression

In his after confession),

When he laid down his liberty upon the Altar,
And took up instead, what he found was a halter ;

His wife made a vow,

That she would not allow

A daughter of her's to take after her mother,

But be given in marriage,

And set up her carriage,

As soon as a chance should appear to betroth her !

II.

The fruit of this marriage—but stop !
Let's look at the roots, then the top,
Of this family tree, for its true pedigree,
Which, in Eighteen hundred and fifty-seven,
First raised its head from the dirt unto heaven ;
And with insolent pride, without Charity's leaven
Called all unfashionables, low-born and craven.

But, my friend,

Read the end

Of this story—and then you will find, after all,
How true is the proverb—"Pride must have a fall."

Now, Hannibal Goit,

Tho' very few know it,

Is not, we assure you, related at all

To that Hannibal who, took a fancy to Gaul ;

For, since the Alps had never,

Yet been quite so clever,

As to cross o'er the path of our Goit, nor yet,

Had he crossed over them,

So, this funny problem

Is solved—that he could not belong to that "set."

III.

Our Hannibal Goit was born—

Nay, reader, why look with such scorn !
For we 'll venture to say, protest as you may,
That you and each one of your "set" were born also;
At least, the mode of your advent is called so,
For, like other sweet babes you could bawl—so,
You must have been born, or how squall so ?

Yes, friend, you

Were born too ;

Nor have we e'er heard, we 'll boldly be sworn,
But of one man who lived, that had'nt been born.

As we wish to be quite exact,

Whenever we mention a fact,

His name, and that of the author we state,
To shew an exception to this rule of Fate.

MacDuff he was called,

And in Scotland first crawled ;

The other, as by his writings appears,

Was an eminent factor

Of Plays ; and an Actor ;

English by birth, one William Shakespear.

IV.

Yes, Hannibal Goit was born,
If only this tale to adorn ;
But, you're going to see, my dear friend, presently,
How Fate, knowing always what she 's about,
Had some business of much importance cut out,
For some one like him, of heart and limb stout,
And whom she could not, in fact, do without.

In a word,
Tho' absurd,
There were wanting, in Creation's great scheme,
A son and three daughters, 'twas plain to be seen ;
And till they were provided,
It appeared quite decided,
That Nature's machine, would be sure to incline
To disorder, like any more simple engine,
That requires a spring,
Or some other thing ;
Which, wanting, tho' ever so common are,
Accounts for the Comets,
Great hoops, and flat bonnets,
Eclipses, and other phenomena !

Y.

Tho' Hannibal Goit was born,
There stuck in his heart like a thorn,
The embarrassing truth, from his earliest youth ;
He came of low birth, and added unto it,
Kind friends were not wanting who in his teeth
threw it,
Altho' you will wonder, that seeing they knew it,
They could use their own teeth at his dinners, and
But then, malice, [do it !
In a palace,
Or hut, is not known to respect sex or shrine,
Tho' according to Johnson it is feminine :
And we can't be misled,
For we listen with dread,
To the songs of the Furies, who to women were kin,
Then—there's Eve, our first mother—the mother
But, be that as it may, [of sin :
No one can gainsay,
That malice'mong friends—detraction and slander,
Are like sauces to fish,
Or to any good dish ;
For, a sauce to the goose, is a sauce to the gander.

VI.

No ; Hannibal Goit—'tis true
Was not, reader, high born like you,
But that is a fact, which is not of his act ;
For, we are sure, had he been consulted,
For want of rank he'd ne'er been insulted,
But in title of King had exulted,
And blood royal children resulted.

But, you see,
Destiny
Won't allow us to be born what we choose,
Whereby this planet much glory must lose ;
Because, if to choose we were free,
Sovereigns, we'd all of us be !
Tho' in morals perhaps—if not manner,
Most Kings won't compare with our *Tanner*.

Yes, Tanner, why not ?
That, sure, is no spot
On his name, for—'tis equally true,
With his wealth he was able
To keep a good table,
Cleanse the trade of its stains, and make it *bon-goût*.

VII.

Now, good Mistress Goit, the wife
Of him, so successful in life,
It grieves us to say—had also one day,
Like her husband, now dead and gone,
The misfortune, 'tis said, of having been born :
But, at what time of day, whether morn,
Noon, or night—our ignorance we mourn.

However,

She never

Had cause to humble *her* pride in the mud,
For want of what they call “ family blood.”

Yes, blood ! and much of it too,

More, perhaps, reader, than you,

And your ancestors, although they had been
Steep'd in traditional blood to the chin,

Could possibly boast,

By an ocean almost !

For—as Historian, just and impartial,

The whole truth must be told,

An ancestor of old,

Was a Butcher—tho' not a Field Marshal.

VIII.

Yes, a butcher of brutes, not mankind,
Though the latter is thought more refined ;
For, in matter of fact—'tis the more brutal act :
Although we confess, that more glory is won
By the butcher who handles the sabre and gun,
When he conquers a town, and kills every one,
Being sure of promotion as soon as he's done !

However,

Life never

Should be taken, except, in a case where it may,
Be made useful to some one, in some sort of way.

Now, the calf and the ox are, you know,

Good to roast, or make fricandeaux ;

But, mankind—no matter of which gender,

Be they ever so fat, young, and tender ;

Whether savage, or tame,

Be they fresh killed, or—*game* ;

Tho' bred in a palace, or fed upon *chowder*,

Or stuffed, roast, and basted,

Are ;—they say, who have tasted,

Poor food for mankind—tho' good "food for powder."

IX.

Now, the Goit family tree
Being shown, beyond doubt, to be
To your satisfaction,—of highest extraction,
By means of this careful digging about
Its roots, in order the truth to find out;
Let's look at its trunk and branches so stout,
For the fruit, which this story is fruitless without.

It is mete,

We repeat,

A fact which we uttered when first we begun,
Three daughters there were, and *only* one son.

'Tis our duty to say

That it is not in play,

This numerical adjective we use,

Nor in malice either, for we can if we choose,

Prove beyond question,

Without a suggestion,

That, a son is not only *one*, neither ought he,

In this age of bustle,

“When we travel on our muscle,”

Be reckoned a whit less than—“two forty!”

X.

Cincinnatus Buncomb Goit,
With Esquire added unto it ;
Is the name of our lion—the unique male scion,
Of the house of the Goits, whose personal trait,
We feel ourself bound in advance now to state,
Is no easy matter to paint or relate,
Tho' the genus we own, is quite easy to mate.

He—'twas said
Was well bred ;
At “the Club,” and at Newport, the mothers,
Who had daughters to marry—and others,
When deficient in funds of their own,
Pronounced him of very high tone.
But, the standard of manners some say,
Is unlike what it was in their day :

It is pretended,
But how defended,
Let those say who have evidence ocular,
That to swagger, and try
To “look big” and “get high,”
Were considered at least very jocular !

XI.

Cincinnatus Goit—or “Sin,”

As he was called, by those not his kin :
But knowing him best, made a serious jest,
Of the name of that hard working Roman,
Who—ploughing one day—but, pshaw ! there is
no man,

Be he nobleman, gentleman or yeoman,
But has heard of that honest old foeman.

To Sin Goit,

We owe it,

To say—tho’ he seemed a great sinner to be,
The “Father of Sin” was still greater than he !!

His age, was just two and twenty,
Having beard full and plenty ;

Tho’, to truth the avowal we owe,
Its colour resembled a stuff they call tow.

It, however, looked neat,
And the ladies cried—“sweet !”

When he twirled it between finger and thumb,

But, oh ! it was honey,

When his mother talked money,
Or, spoke of the fortune of Buncomb !

XII.

Cincinnatus, in stature was small,
Nor—in mind, was he what one would call,
Great—tho' of this we had rather, not make much
“palaver.”

To school he had been, but some how or other,
Wherever he went, he made such a pother ;
That—if not head of his class, he could bother—
And “get a head” of his teacher and mother !

So, if not,

A polyglot ;

Nor savan, nor learned moraliser,
At least—his fair friends were none the wiser.

Of the Classics he had heard,

And—pronounced them “absurd ;”

As to Homer, and Virgil—or Pliny's,
To the ladies he proved they were ninnies !

For, how could they be

Aught else, said he ;

(While extending his feet on a sofa,)

But a lot of “old fogies,”

Literary ogres,

Since they knew not the Mazourka Polka !

XIII.

Cincinnatus, as has been said,
In his "set" was considered well bred :
How well we shall see—if we stick to his company.
And now, for awhile we're going to dwell,
On those attainments, the schools do not sell;
Graces, which sat on young Goit so well,
They charmed his companions, as if by a spell.
He could smoke,
He could joke ;
Dance, box, drink and flirt, play poker and brag ;
Turn night into day, and kill a " fast nag ;"
Went armed liked a Satrap,
Looked bold as a rat-trap ;
Swore in English and French—went a yachting ;
Kept dogs, and talked much of the chase—that is,
A sailor was he, [ratting.
When in his toggery ; [know,
A drawing room " salt"—we would have you to
Who, when surrounded by girls ;
Like a sail that unfurls—
By his speech made them sea-sick, " and piped
them below."

XIV.

To "Sin," for awhile we will say
Adieu—and proceed on our way :
Presenting you now to, the daughters to bow to.
You remember it was said—we suppose ;
Three daughters there were, whom now we propose
Their qualities, ages, and names to disclose,
First, calling them Tulip, Lilly, and Rose.
Further more,
Once before ;
We said, that Mistress Goit, the mother,
Of marriage had views, opposed to *mere* lover.
She held, that, a man,
May wed, when he can,
Prove his affections in money or land,
But *mere* love, was a thing, no mother should stand !
For—'mong daughters, 'twas like
Those diseases which strike,
The crops of the farmer with evil,
A species of mildew,
A blight too, that will do
More harm among girls, than the weavel.

XV.

The age of Miss Tulip was near,
That age, called "uncertain," we fear :
But why'tis so termed—we have never yet learned.
To call that uncertain, which, is every day
That we live, becoming more certain—we say,
Is rather in truth, an illogical way
Of proving, a paradoxical—nay !
But be this,
Hypothesis ;
Never so satisfactory to you,
'Tis a thing, with which we have nothing to do.
Certain of one thing are we,
Miss Tulip was positively,
The most *positive* person we ever
Saw—or, heard tell of—we aver !
We're positive that she,
Was not young, nor lovely ;
Some—her nose, would call turn-up, some pug ;
She was positively vain,
Selfish—and again,
Was positively, a positive humbug !

XVI.

Now, on the contrary, Miss Rose,
Was, in character as well as nose,
A *negative* being, and quite disagreeing
With all the authorities that we have seen,
Defining what the verb—to be, does mean :
She was not sensible, silly, nor mean,
Over pious, embonpoint, nor lean :
 Generous,
 Ingenious,
Affectionate, malicious—nor yet,
Was Miss Rose any worse than those of her “set,”
 That have mothers like her’s, who
 Think celibacy a curse to
Ambitious parents—who teach girls, it seems,
That marriage, wholly justifies the means ;
 And that duplicity,
 Is useful complicity,
For—it is easy, be the truth spoken,
 To lead men of wit,
 Blindfold into a pit,
But, not so easy with their eyes wide open.

XVII.

And now we've arrived at a part
Of our duty, more dear to the heart :
'Tis Miss Lilly that frames, our loudest acclaims.
Reader ! perhaps, during some idle hour,
You have paused to regard a beautiful flower,
Which grew in a fragrant and retired bower,
Still wet with the drops of a yet recent shower.
And perchance,
Seen advance,
Along its stem, with destructive intent,
The worm seeking food, for its own nourishment—
Fasten its fangs on the leaves,
Whose ruin it quickly achieves ;
Have you not felt at that moment, steal o'er
Your spirit—a shadow, so happy before ?
And scarce knowing why,
Sought relief in a sigh ?
Yes—you have, 'twas the incense of soul,
The homage which beauty,
Faith, virtue and duty,
Inspire—a feeling beyond your control.

XVIII.

Gentle reader ! you who could feel,
So keenly that tender appeal,
To your sympathies then—will not smother it when,
Instead of a flower, a child you behold,
A creature, so fair—that had you been told,
The form of an angel had furnished the mould,
To illustrate her beauties manifold ;
Contented,
You'd assented.
Now, this being so fair, created to please,
Was a prey, like the flower—a prey to disease !
Consumption, that terrible foe,
So insidious, so slow,
In its progress—but fatal and sure,
Had inflicted a wound, no healing could cure.
And oh ! if the flower,
Exerted such power ;
With sorrow to move you, at sight of its doom,
Think of this bud, which perhaps,
Ere a year should elapse,
Was destined to wither—in Heaven to bloom !



MISS LILLY.

XIX.

Miss Lilly, was gentle and fair ;
Moreover, her exquisite hair,
Formed an elegant crown, of luxuriant brown :
And, when plaited by Lilly's delicate hand,
And wound round her brow, in form of a band ;
No queen on her throne, with diadem grand,
Could more beautiful be, or more homage command.

Her eyes, too,
Azure blue ;
Like two innocent stars in the sky,
Winked, and looked down, but without knowing
why !

Her form too, like her sweet face,
Had that inexpressible grace,
No eye can behold without being delighted ;
We mean ; where the woman and child seem united.

So, likewise her mind,
Was pure and refined ;
Notwithstanding bad example and birth,
Like the rose which takes root,
And is fair, tho' it shoot,
Bud, and blossom from out the foul earth.

XX.

Now, Mistress Goit, the mother,
Resolved that the girls and their brother,
Her will should obey—and marry, without more
delay.

For; with the watchful eye of a parent,
She saw, what was becoming apparent,
To some of her friends, possessing discernment ;
And who kindly made her their confidant :

That Miss Rose,

Did disclose

Certain symptoms of humanity's doom,
The rose was certainly losing its bloom !

Moreover, Miss Tulip had,

Of late, become very sad ;

And trembled to think, she really must dye !

That is—colour the hair—not sicken and die ;

And then the admission,

Which knows no provision,

Was forced on her mind—a fearful presage !

From a careful assay,

Girls would become *passé*,

And will not improve like good wine by their age.

XXI.

Perhaps, another incentive,
To her mind, so inventive,
Discover we may—in her fortune's decay ;
For, what with toilette, and jewels, and table,
Point à l'aiguille, valencienne, and sable ;
Balls, Hops and christenings, and expensive stable,
With goings-out-of-town, indispensable,
Where, ill health,
Costing wealth,
Not only of pocket, but more, of the mind,
The Serf of Fashion and Pleasure may find :
She learned, we doubt not very well,
The expense of "making a swell"!
For, those items of housekeeping—termed
Flummeries ! by the beau-monde confirmed,
Exceed very far
Those called "regular."
In a word, regarding girls as a kind
Of goods, fragile as fine,
Which fade, shrink, and decline,
In haste she resolved a market to find.

XXII.

To resolve, with Mistress Goit,
Was much the same as to do it ;
For, when once "go" she said—she went straight
a-head.

Winter, the solstice of Fashion was o'er,
And Summer, the solstice of Nature once more,
Along with the flowers and birds, had *encore*,
Returned to the vallies and hills as of yore.

The "West End,"

And worst end,

Of the town—or, all that possibly could,
Had already gone to the sea-shore and wood ;
Leaving behind, only those—

Whom you know, "nobody knows ;"
While whole streets of dwellings, with eyes firmly
closed,

In heat, dust, and silence, neglected reposed.

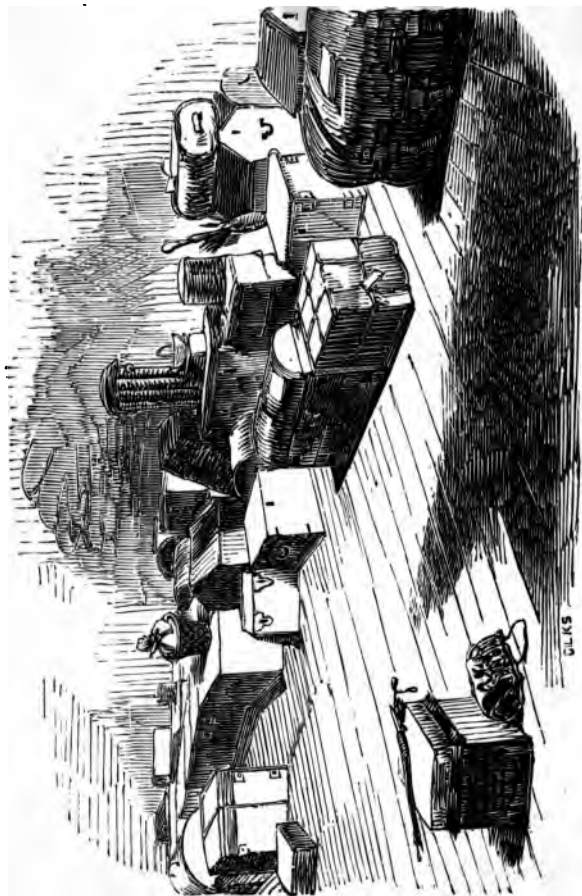
For, doubt it, who may,

Fashion carries the day ;

And although its slaves dare meet the dread foe,
In form of disease,

Dare not do as they please,

When Fashion, the despot, commands them to go !



PREPARATIONS FOR NEWPORT.

XXIII.

So, Newport was decided upon,
By Mistress Goit nem con,
As best for the trade—where matches are made.
For, that market is best, 'tis useless to state,
“Where merchants (you know) do most congre-
gate.”
Then, the air of the sea, does so facilitate,
The fish, in taking hold of the bait—
That in fact,
And in act ;
A queer fish is he, and deserves to be gagg'd,
That will not allow himself to be bagg'd !
So, for Newport they started ;
But, before they departed,
Like a skilful angler, she packed up with care,
Huge boxes of *chiffons*, the prey to ensnare.
And had you seen all
The trunks, great and small ;
(The small one was Lilly's sole tenement)
You had called it a town,
Turned quite upside down,
Or else, a Lilliputian settlement !

XXIV.

The season was gay, and there came,
Among others of fortune and fame,
A Baron and Count—who, of course, were para-
mount !

And had you beheld the maternal strife,
To provide these poor fellows, each with a wife ;
With daughters seductions, and jealousies rife—
You ne'er could forget it during your life !

There was once,

A rich dunce,

(You will excuse this digression we're sure,
For the lot of these Lords resembled the boor ;)

Who, having lost his young bride,

With great wisdom replied,

To the counsels of parent and brother,

Who were anxious to provide him another ;

“ That, when he was poor,

“ And lived on the Moor ;

“ Nor, from his mind could he ever efface it,

“ When his cow, the poor thing,

“ Died of fever one spring ;

“ Not a soul offered him to replace *it* !”

XXV.

That matches in Heaven are made,
Some people are hard to persuade,
But say in retort, more are made at Newport.
Tho'—for our own part, to think we incline,
That, for match-making, none can assign,
Nor age, nor location, though some men opine,
An institution it is, wholly feminine !

There are a few,
Men—it is true,
Whose systems are sufficiently strong,
To endure such assaults very long ;
Like unto shrubs, or green wood
Which have a long time withstood,
The intensely hot flames of the fire,
Are, at length—(being older and dryer)
Wholly overcome,
And obliged to succumb ;
Since, they have not the power to hinder,
The attacks of the heat,
Nor, effect a retreat ;
And, are therefore consumed just like tinder !

XXVI.

Dress ; the omnipotent Idol,
Of the rich, the proud, and the idle ;
Like Juno's vain bird, spread its skirts so absurd ;
Made of fabrics of great beauty and cost,
And, *Corsages*, with splendid jewels embossed,
Dazzled the vision, like sunlight on frost ;
And all for the time seemed in rivalry lost !

Then, were seen,

Come between—

Kindred and friends fierce contentions and hate,
And invectives, loud and intemperate,

Were uttered and repeated,

By the lips of the defeated ;

And conspicuous was seen, stealing around,

The lean figure of Slander—to wound,

With qualified praise,

Or loose paraphrase ;

The honour of that Congress of Fashions,

In whose ranks tho' there be

Some of every degree—

Is, notwithstanding, a Congress of Passions.



THE COUNT'S OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

XXVII.

But enough ! for why should we dwell,
Upon facts, which all know so well !
Let us rather pursue—this faithful review.
Now, whether Miss Tulip by dint of her fame,
For positive nothings, accomplished her aim,
Or, by means of her fortune, to us is the same,
But success,
Came to bless ;
The assiduous maternal schemings,
And the Count gave the crown to her dreamings,
By avowing his passion,
In the most approved fashion,
Peculiar to warm latitudes, where
The volcanic-dramatic air,
In affairs of the heart,
As well as in Art,
Is employed, but to which we are unused ;
So, with pistol in hand,
And huge oath at command,
Threatened death to himself, in case she refused !



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XXVIII.

That, Miss Tulip, did not design,
The hand of the Count to decline,
And a title forego—the sequel will show :
For, though in theory, Republics profess,
In presence of titles to feel much distress,
The daughters and sons regard them with less
Horror, than do the Republics—*we guess !*

For, we hear,

Far and near,

Of young damsels, who have nobly lain down,
Plain simple Miss, for a title or crown !

And gentlemen and scholars,

Who, for five hundred dollars,

Have soiled the Republican blazon,

By the purchase of, Title of Baron !

Nay more ; for position,

At the “ French Exhibition,”

There were people, who—at nothing would stick,

To get a decoration,

To astonish their nation !

And, they hailed from the Model Republic !!

XXIX.

The Count, was not a Huguenot,
Nor Zelot, nor yet a Bigot ;
Nor, was he we think begot by an idiot :
For tho' no fool, he was no physician,
And tho' he sang songs, was no musician,
Neither was he much of an optician,
To see through millstones, being no magician !
But, we ought,
Perhaps report ;
That which he was, not what he was not ;
But this, the reader will learn by the plot.
Certain facts, tho', he let drop,
Which went far to develope,
The state of his resources and projects,
Extent of his lands, and extent of their prospects !
Was Tuscan, although,
Born at Palermo ;
Had greatly travelled, and been to Japan,
Owned a private volcano,
A villa on the Arno,
A chateau sur-mèr—and Chateau en Espagne !!

XXX.

By aid of the usual pastimes,
Billiards, and flirting, called fast-times ;
The season wore on, and the fashionable throng,
In lieu of living, used up its life,
With Mazourkas, mint-julaps, and strife,
And dashing turn-outs, where " the world and his
wife,"
At the *Fort*, " carry on the war to the knife !"
For there is
One crisis,
Sometimes more, in fashion's affairs every day,
And when it arrives, there's a " stunning display !"
It is true, a beholder,
Until he becomes older,
In the business of life at those places,
Would call it all fun—a mere show of laces,
And dry-goods ; but when,
He is " posted"—he then,
Learns 'tis no joke for those pretty oddities,
But a business transaction,
Or sum in subtraction ;
A mart, for exchanging female commodities.

XXXI.

Match-making, like every other trade,
Has seasons of sunlight and shade ;
Years, without scarce a lull—then, seasons pain-
fully dull !

The one, however, of which we now treat,
Was, with “engagements,” and weddings replete,
Causing the hearts of fond parents to beat,
With contentment, profound and complete.

In plain truth,
Age and youth ;
Were seized with the prevailing disorder,
And few houses could boast of one boarder,
Entirely free and secure,
Or, who one would like to insure ;
Nor yet, was that all, for there spread a report,
That the stock of young girls was fast falling short !
Which had the effect,
In time to collect,
A fresh importation, and some second hand ;
For, with marriage as trade,
Certain laws are obeyed,
Those we mean, of supply and demand.

XXXII.

The reader need feel no surprise,
Because of this general rise,
On Hymen's Exchange, for it is not more strange;
Than the rise that is seen in those other Stocks,
Which the "Bull" so delights, and sober "Bear"
 mocks,
For, art blows them up, and art downward knocks,
As easy as powder shivers the rocks.
 For example,
 Is ample;
Tho' it be not universally known,
That the fair now employ, to give colour and tone,
 And breath for the "German," and fat,
 The poison, once used for the rat!
And the lover not suspecting the trick,
When he weds, takes a dose of sweet arsenic!
 And flatters himself,
 That he's the dear Elf,
Who has worked the miraculous change!
 In the damsel's bright eye,
 So he thinks of the sky,
Nor dreams of the tricks of Hymen's Exchange!

XXXIII.

Now whether, 'twas arsenic, or—
That poison we also abhor,
Called exaggeration, touching dotation
To determine we will not pretend ;
Nor yet will we dare, good taste to offend,
By publicly saying, why Harry Bend,
Who had such a “very large income” to spend,
Stupidly chose,
Mademoiselle Rose,
From among seven hundred and twenty,
When others there were, handsomer in plenty ;
Or, who thought themselves so,
Which is the same thing, you know :
Though some people knew the reason quite well,
Which in confidence, we the reader will tell.
Now, Mistress Goit
(But—mind you don't blow it !)
Knowing the amiable weakness of Harry,
In her parlor one night,
Did with brandy excite,
And then made him promise to marry !

XXXIV.

It is said, on the morrow,
Harry Bend felt much sorrow ;
But, 'twas vain to repine—the “ sale was on time,”
And like many before him, he fell,
A victim to brandy's powerful spell,
For—tho' feeble of mind he saw very well,
He had made of himself a stupendous “ sell” :
Furthermore
He foresaw ;
That, should he rebel, the brother called “ Sin,”
Would be sure, without fail, to “ pitch into him !”
For, of late Cincinnatus,
With death's apparatus,
Such as pistols, and Toledo blades,
“ Snuffing of candles,” and such war-like trades,
Himself had been putting
Upon a “ war footing ;”
Intending to make—as we shall soon see,
A tremendous ado,
By a duel or two,
To wind up the season “ honourably !”

XXXV.

Now, Mistress Goit, had reason,
To be pleased with the season,
For, things as you see—went on swimmingly !
Already (if to use the expression we may)
The goods, then on hand, least likely “to pay,”
Were ready for packing and sending away,
And only awaited the fortunate day.

Her address,
With success,
Had been amply repaid, and a Countess,
Whose husband's possessions were countless !

Added nobility's title,
(A necessity vital,
Notwithstanding, the Republican notion
About Kings, 'tother side of the ocean ;)

Moreover, Harry
Was “sealed” fast to marry :
For, tho' his ambition lay in shirt collars,
By his father's Last Will,
His marriage would fill,
His pockets with thousands of dollars !

XXXVI.

The success, which we have recorded,
Was purely selfish and sordid ;
Not so the applause—Lilly's virtues did cause.
'Tis true, in her quiet and simple attire,
The belles of the day saw naught to admire,
Nor yet, did her gentle nature inspire,
Those icebergs of pride, with philanthropy's fire :
But, there were,
Many there,
Who, sickened with flounces and flummery,
Enameled young ladies, dawdling and mummery,
Preferred very much the pure source,
Of Lilly's sweet intercourse :
Nay more, there were also others, 'tis said,
Of positive worth, sought Lilly to wed.
But, no ! 'twas too late,
The mother was obdurate,
She had drunk of the cup, ne'er tasted before,
And the draught which she drank,
(Hereditary rank)
Had gone to her brain, and she thirsted for more !

XXXVII.

The Baron came next, to demand,
In marriage, Miss Lilly's fair hand ;
A demand, that was sure, consent to procure.
In vain, did this suffering child represent,
In language painfully eloquent,
The crime of giving, with deceptive intent,
The hand, without the affection's assent.

What matter !

To flatter !

And misrepresent, the mother could see,
No wrong—when only to make a *bonne partie* !

What, tho' it torture and kill,

Nay more, that poison instill,

Which murders the soul by cruel degrees,

Dare a mother disclaim, what Fashion decrees !

Assuredly not,

'Twould ne'er be forgot :

Besides ; why were charms given to tempt for !

But to lure the capricious,

By show meretricious ;

So, her motto was "Caveat emptor!!"

XXXVIII.

The Baron Frederick de Licken,
Was no longer now, a chicken,
Being nearly fifty, tho' still hale and thrifty.
The famous spot which had the honour to,
Give him birth, the fact is, no one knew !
However, in default, 'tis also true,
The world of him its own conclusions drew.
He was one,
Be it known,
Of those chronic philanthropists, whose
Duty it is to propagate their views,
Concerning polity, and law,
Among the Peoples whom he saw,
Yielding obedience to authority,
Whether of the few, or the majority :
Maintaining ever,
That the *present*, never,
Is the form of government, which should
Enjoy commission ;
So, without permission,
He had " quit his country, for his country's good !"

XXXIX.

But Time, that holds absolute sway,
Over all things that live and decay ;
That crumbles to dust, and eats up with rust,
The fortress, constructed of iron and stone,
Which ne'er before man, to tremble was known,
Tho' in hundreds of combats engaged—is alone,
In time, by Time overthrown !

Likewise so,
Did the foe ;
Finish that season at Newport, sublime,
Tho' many there were tried hard to “ kill time ;”
Also, true is the sequel ;
Which ne'er had an equal,
For, just as the season drew near its close,
A terrible squabble, and hubbub arose !
Between Cincinnatus,
And young Edward Barkus ;
Tho', the reason we blush to disclose,
But the latter (we hear)
Did, at “ Sin” give a leer,
While doing the Lancers, and stamped on his toes !

XL.

From causes much slighter than those,
In times past, great conflicts arose,
Which have crimsoned the sand, of many a land.
For example, we need only name,
Fair Helen of Troy, that beautiful dame,
Whose beauty, the Trojans and Greeks did inflame,
To battle for many long years, to their shame.

So likewise,

To chastise,

The affront, which had been put on his boot,
Cincinnatus resolved young Barkus to shoot !

And, we will venture to say,

On the following day ;

The Sun, (who early gets up, as he ought,)

When he arose from his bed, little thought,

To find waiting for him,

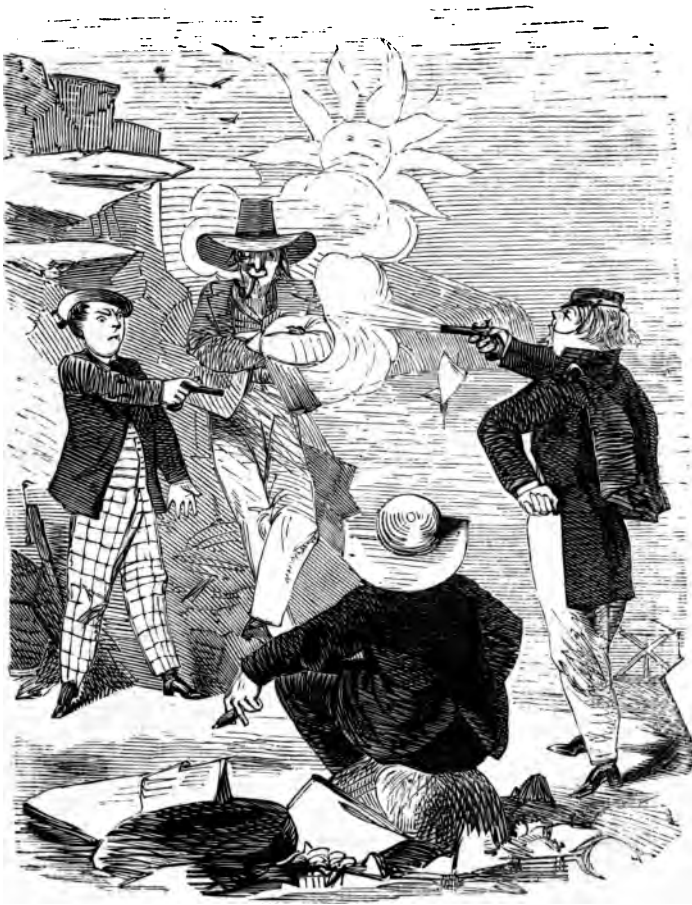
Four gentlemen grim !

Two of whom were very much bigger,

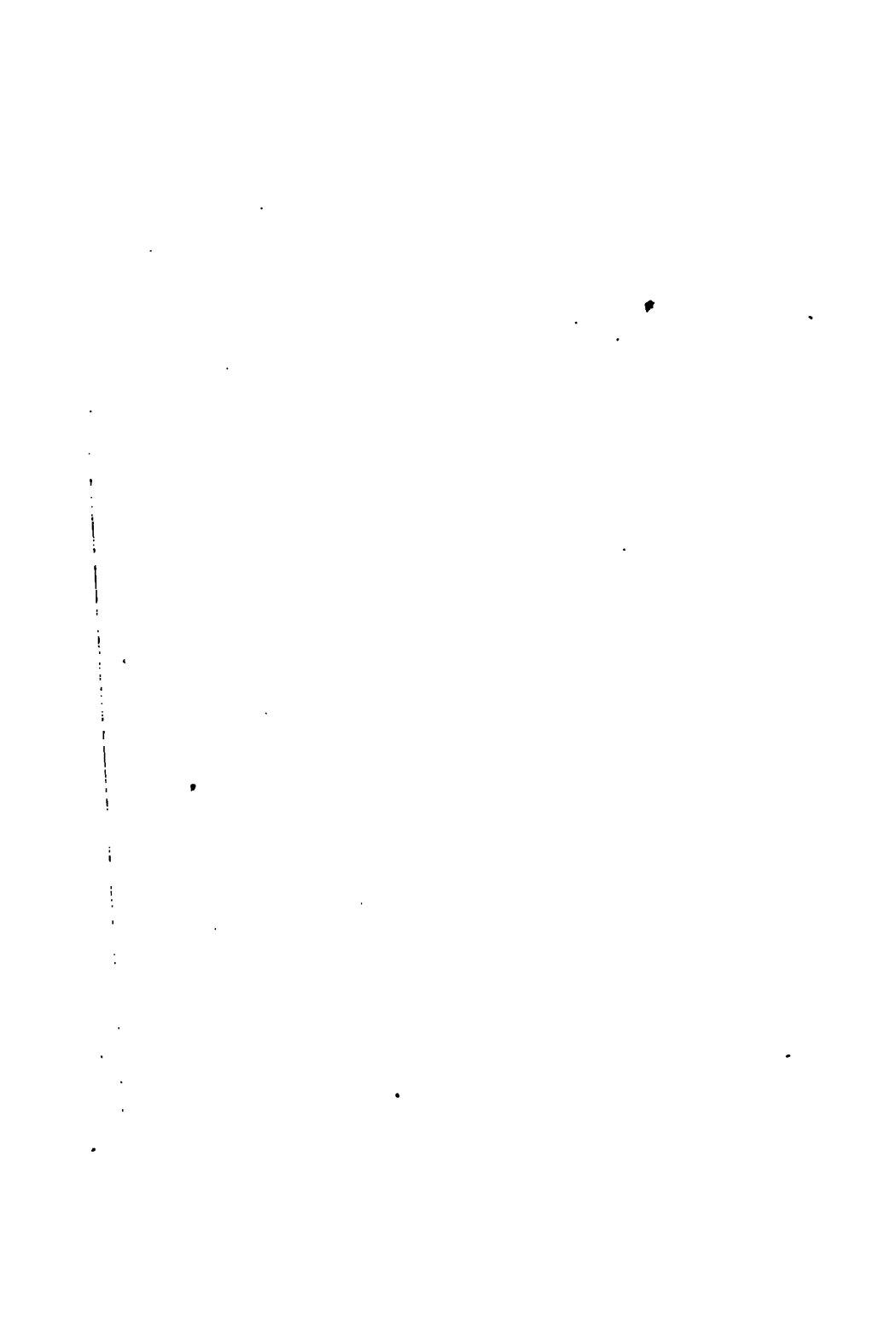
Than the other two were,

Whom he saw standing there,

Each of whom, held a wicked " hair trigger !!"



DUEL ON THE BEACH.



.XLI.

Three reports soon after were heard,
Two of them were pistols—the third,
Tho' less loud, as a poise, made quite as much noise.
For the duel was called, a farce in one act,
Performed on the Beach, with a view to attract
Attention, and that the pistols were packed,
With balls made of soap—which was really the fact!

However,

'Twas clever ;

And safer by far, for Barkus and Sin,
To use soap to gain fame, than powder their skin.

Thus ended the season, and thus

Ended this fashionable fuss ;

And Fashion, and Virtue, and Vice and Renown,
Soon after packed up, and packed off to town.

But, for many a day,

This funny affray,

Was talked of, and laughed at, far off and nigh,

And the suds which it raised,

These young fellows most crazed,

Tho', they swore the soap story, was all made of lie!

XLII.

Owing to one of those *Rail* events,
Usually called accidents,
When the papers proclaim—"no body's to blame;"
It was late, ere the Goit retinue,
Arrived at their house on *the* Avenue.
And at length when again the same came in view,
They doubted its being the house they once knew !
For the night,
Was made bright,
By the glare, which the gas made within,
And "toeing and heeling," to sound of the violin ;
And clatter of glass, knives and forks,
And frequent eruptions of corks,
Were heard to proceed from the basement area,
Where was held a Celtic Saturnalia !
If, outside the door,
The family, before,
Had experienced something more than surprise ;
When they entered the dwelling,
'Tis impossible telling,
The amazement with which they opened their eyes !



BIDDY MCCALL'S BALL.

XLIH.

For, it seems, that Biddy McCall,
The cook, was giving a ball
To her cousin O'Rork, but just come from Cork;
And was doing the thing in liberal style,
In honour of him of the Emerald Isle;
While the guests "piled it up," all the while,
As high as the thing would possibly pile!
The *élite*
Of that street;
As well as the Avenues A. B. and C.,
(All in hoops) were of Bridget's company:
"Also the accomplished Miss G.,
"Miss F., Miss L., and Miss D.;
Likewise, Terrance, and Dennis McFlates,
Private watchmen, who at nine slam the gates
Of the courtyards, and then
To bed go at ten!
And the clerks of those great Grocers also,
Whose red ochre waggons;
Like fierce fiery dragons,
Rush up to the door—Thomas Soap and Co.!

XLIV.

Bridget, the very next morning,
To Mistress Goit "gave warning,"
As if a mere lodger, she meant to discharge her !
Imprimis, she had to complain, that she,
Mistress Goit, found fault with the jubilee !
Secundo, her liquor, champagne, and tea,
Her guests said were not what they ought to be !
Because, the *tea*,
Did not agree [Flates,
With the watchmen Terrance and Dennis Mc-
"Who was so purtic'lar (she said) what they takes,"
Then the sugar and water,
Which old Quin and his daughter
Had taken, along with *two* drops of gin,
Gave them the "heart burn," and made their heads
swim !
Moreover, (she said)
While now on this head,
She'd tell Mistress Goit, the *helps'* late decree ;
That, the soap they consumed,
Must be henceforth perfumed ;
And in future, must eat with the family !

XLV.

But, enough ! since volumes could not
State half the worth, nor tell the sad lot,
Of those saints, we style " helps," from the Emerald Isle !

In time, however, the family once more,
Found their mansion as charming as ever before ;
And visits, which sell by the pack in the store,
Made of pasteboard, as usual, rang at the door.

Then, you know,

Came also,

The Baron and Count, and young Harry Bend,
Who, " had such a very large income to spend " !

And moreover, anon,

There was great preparation,
To marry Miss Tulip, Lilly and Rose,
And fashion was tip-toe, as you may suppose.

Then, came the proud day,

As parents now say,

When their offspring they drive out of doors,

By means of a marriage,

Of legal vassalage,

To describe which, we'll do our devoirs.

XLVII.

Spring, Summer, and Autumn were gone,
And Winter, drear and forlorn,
Had made the year over with the frost and the cold,
And at length the day—the auspicious day,
As Mistress Goit was wont to say,
Came round in its turn, in the usual way,
And Miss Tulip was gen'rously given away !
 We say, give,
 For we live,
In an age, when things, and the names which they
 bear,
To each other, but little resemblance wear :
 And value in gifts may be lost,
 On learning the price which they *cost* !
No matter, the hour has come, and see !
There stand the giver, the gift, and he,
 The fortunate one,
 Tho', in truth we must own,
'Tis difficult telling which of the three,
 On account of their choice,
 Had least cause to rejoice,
Mistress Goit—the daughter—or, he !



MARRIAGE OF MISS ROSE.

XLVII.

Mis-fortunes, they say, come in pairs,
Miss-Goits, example declares,
May sometimes go away, two or three in a day.
For, no sooner had pomp, pride and prayer,
Settled the Count, and Miss Tulip's affair,
Than Mr. Bronchitas, of piety rare,
To another apartment was asked to repair ;
Where young Bend,
Did attend,
His ghost-like presence, to tie the same noose,
For himself and Miss Rose—so hard to unloose !
Marriage, to some is a manacle,
To others, merely a spectacle ;
But this one, however unpleasant the speech,
We are free to admit, partook much of each.
Especially show,
Which none now forego ;
For, standing upon a silver plateau,
The bride we discover,
And beside her, the lover,
His foot on a bag, marked thus (\$100,000), near
the toe !

XLVIII.

This spectacle ended, another,
Was furnished the guests by the mother ;
For, a part of the show, is the *marriage trousseau*.
In the suite, was a room set apart,
To exhibit those objects of *Art*,
Or *tribute*, which artfully serve to impart,
Eclat to the *fête*, in fashion's great mart.
Gifts were there,
Rich and rare ;
Half dozens of spoons, half dozens of knives,
And forks quite enough to last them their lives !
Teapots, and ladles were seen,
A dropsical looking tureen ;
A tankard, with Tancred upon it,
A sugar dish, tongs, and parisian bonnet :
A basin and ewer,
Of silver—be sure ;
A castor,—tho' not old Jupiter's son ;
Also bracelets and rings,
And lots of such things ;
But rumour declared, they had *borrowed* each one !

XLIX.

While Hymen, so busy had been,
With two of the sisters of "Sin,"
Cincinnatus had not, Cincinnatus forgot.
Well he remembered his passion for "play;"
The hours of night prolonged until day,
His knowledge of fluids, which ne'er went astray;
The foul smelling weed, coarse jest, and affray.
 Tho' never,
 So clever,
In these, and kindred accomplishments too,
With commerce, or virtue, he'd nothing to do.
 The fast were his choice, and his forte,
 The fast of both sexes he sought.
With such aspirations, what wonder,
If Hymen and he kept asunder?
 Or worse—he should make,
 A *Hy-menial* mistake!
Then his Club, to its instincts so true,
 Was held in an attic,
 Whose meetings—stigmatic,
Were true "Attic evenings," in one point of view!

L.

The Baron, tho' titled in name,
Was, still more entitled to fame,
For cunning and art—being barren of heart.
The end, not the means, was ever his guide,
To which, love, religion, honour and pride,
Always gave way, when found by its side ;
So, faithful to *self*, he sought a rich bride.

He had heard,
That charmed word,
Oft proclaimed ; which to him was like honey,
Miss Lilly was rich—she had money ;
And true to the spur of his life,
He hastened to make her his wife.
Poor Lilly ! dear victim to avarice sold,
Thy wrongs may be felt, tho' they cannot be told ;
What ages of woe !
Those only can know ;
Who like unto thee, have sorrows so deep,
That parents can't feel,
Their tender appeal,
For, pride is so dear, and daughters so cheap !

LI.

Mankind to themselves arrogate,
All that is true and affectionate :
But stop ! let us see, what brute instinct may be.
The birds of the air, and monsters which dwell
In horrible wilds—'tis known very well,
For love of their young obey a fond spell,
'Gainst which their brute natures will not rebel.
Go inspect,
The insect,
Whose world in a drop of water is found,
Or the Ant, that builds its home in the ground.
Go down to the sea and behold,
The life its depths there enfold :
To the hill tops and valleys resort,
Where the hunter his game kills in " sport !"
Observe one and all,
Each race great and small ;
When deprived of their young, and say if you can,
A grief so intense,
A love so immense,
Is felt for your daughters, the offspring of man !

LII.

No ! reader, the fact, although old,
May, perhaps, with profit be told ;
The brute's love you'd see, is strange to "society !"
Remonstrance was vain, entreaty could not,
Touch the proud mother's heart, nor soften a jot,
The sordid instincts of the Baron—a groat ;
So Lilly, heart-broken, succumbed to her lot !

Empty dream !

Shallow scheme !

Who, ever yet gathered the fruit which was sown,
Where the soil with injustice and wrong was o'er
grown ?

How false is the hope, how perverse

To think that this universe,

So perfect in physical beauty we see,

In moral construction defective should be !

'Tis true that the wrong,

Sometimes triumphs long ;

But ah ! let the death of Lilly, which came,

With the swiftness of thought,

The transgressor exhort,

That Right is Eternal ! and evil but shame.

LIII.

The giddy heights of success,
By painful degrees and address,
Mankind oft attain, and then, lose them again.
Thus was it, with Mistress Goit, whom fate,
After leading her up to Fortune's wide gate,
Slamm'd the door in her face—the ingrate !
And thus her fine plans, did all dissipate !
Quick as thought
The report,
That her money was gone, filled the town,
And friends, once all smiles, now gave her a frown !
Then, the lands of the Count—sur le mër ;
Chateau en Espagne, and elsewhere,
His Castles in air, and titles in sound,
For want of foundation, all fell to the ground !
And the masks which before,
The parties all wore ;
Being useless exertion, to longer retain,
Were, at length thrown away,
And the Count from that day,
Decamped—and was never more heard of again !

LIV.

The wheel of misfortune ran round,
And each turn, inflicted a wound, [other.
In the hopes of the mother—more deep than the
The Baron, it seems, who had counted upon
Wealth, as the first charming fellow, had done,
No sooner saw that there really was none,
Than he “*sloped*,” like her gallant first noble son !
Nor, in truth,
Did this youth,
Disappear, one single moment too soon,
For, Italian justice, that very same noon,
From Naples, came to request,
This noble fellow’s arrest !
For, the Baron, it seems, near that city,
A leader had been of a certain banditti ;
But, finding the spot,
Made rather too hot ;
A title he took, and went o’er the sea,
To that land which some call,
The free’st of all—
For rogues and impostors—the “Land of the
Free !”

LV.

Still the wheel continued to turn,
Which enables us also to learn,
The fate of young Bend, with his income to spend.
This income, turned out, like the man in the moon,
A myth, or old song, set to a new tune ;
For, his father bequeathed not one picayune !
Tho' the wit of his mother proved a great boon.

Now-a-days

'Tis always,

The practice, to make in the prints, a parade,
Of the Wills, which the dying testators have made.

So, a post-mortem paper,

In print cut a caper,

Soon after the death of old Mr. Bend,

Which accounts for the "income" Hal *had'nt* to
spend !

Tho' Wills, we believe,

Like this may deceive,

The fact we boldly venture to utter,

Leave the heirs, like young Bend,

Without money to spend,

And, their wives, wanting bed, bread and butter !

LVI.

Yet another turn in the wheel,
And what does our story reveal?
The fate of a son bred to fashion alone.
One night, the Club in the attic had been
Unusually "high," with brandy and gin;
And a motion proposed was by Sin,
To adjourn, and a jolly frolic begin.
This prevailed,
Or, if't failed,
It was only with those whose strong potion,
Prevented their understanding the motion.
So, at once, out into the street,
They went, and soon chanced to meet
Some of those people, deep in their glasses,
Who, are now-a-days called, "the dangerous
classes."
A struggle and blow,
Quick followed, you know;
(For, a brute, in his cups, is a man;)
And the hopes of the mother,
In sisters and brother,
By that blow, were destroyed in a span!



DEATH OF "SIN."

LVII.

Now, the wheel of Destiny, still,
Keeps turning, and turning at will ;
But our story must stop, and the curtain must drop !
It is seen by Mistress Goit's career,
That Heaven's designs, by marriage appear,
To differ from those which parents revere,
Namely, titles and wealth, cost they ever so dear.

When at last,
The rude blast,
Which her heartless ambition had raised,
Was lulled, and with purified vision she gazed,
On the wreck of her dreamings,
And cruel, abortive schemings ;
Despair and remorse, *sans* expression,
Of her soul, and her thoughts took possession ;
And memory's scourge,
In flames came to urge,
Her wrongs long despised, and treated with scoff ;
And alas ! now too late,
Her poor daughters' sad fate,
Reproached her for having thus married them off !!







